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The

Wallis Family Tree

and other facts

John Rider Wallis



John Rider Wallis

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Wallis, John Rider, 1887-
The Wallis family tree and other facts.
n.p., The author, 1959.

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DEDICATED TO MY
MUCH LOVED CHILDREN
SALLY, WILL, HEROD AND JOHN

To my good friend
of long years.
John Ridenballe.

John Riber

CS
71
W22
1959



This crest was adopted after the trip to England in 1904.

One of the Welton cousins, Clara, took me to the ancient library in Coventry and referred to a book of heraldry showing coats of arms and crests of the families of England. We found the coat of arms and crest of the Wolley family and I tried to make a pencil sketch to show the design and colors employed.

On return home I wrote the Weltons to secure an exact copy of the coat of arms and crest but met with a little resistance. It was explained that the use of the coat of arms in any way would require an annual tax of five pounds. This tax would affect the Welton family in England but certainly not the American cousins in Dubuque, Iowa. No copy was ever forthcoming so I resorted to using a crest found on a souvenir program used at Stratford on Avon and said to be Shakespear's crest. The engraving was done by a firm in Columbus, Ohio in 1904 or 1905.

Authority to use the Wolley coat of arms stems from Grandmother Wolley of Riber Hall Derbyshire, whose daughter married Grandfather Allen and his daughter married Thomas Barton who had eight children, (listed later in this writing.) One daughter, Mary, married John Burton who had one daughter Mary, my mother. So the claim to the Wolley relationship comes through the women in the chain.

The First Congregational Church has meant much in the lives of our family.

Twenty years ago I gave the church two bulletin boards, a copper plate on each - one inscribed

Mary Burton Wallis

Great Faith and Noble Deeds

The other

Eunice Lyon Wallis

A Life as Beautiful as Her Song

and on the family pew a bronze plate

Joseph Herod

1826 - 1911

Mary Burton Wallis

1854 - 1916

In January, 1957 the Aunty Winall story was completed but was not in printed form in time for Allen to read. The limited number of copies printed through the courtesy of the Federal Discount Corporation were soon scattered from California to New York, Washington and Texas.

Many of the family asked for an account of the Burton-Barton-Allen side of the family.

Now with two of the "Four Wallis Boys" gone, it would seem urgent to record facts, dates and figures for the benefit, and I hope interest, of my children and at a later date perhaps my grandchildren.

At Christmas, 1953 I sent a New Testament to Sally, Will, Herod and John and with some effort recorded in each book a good deal of the family tree, Wallis-Bell-Burton-Barton-Lyon and Boleyn. Some of the names and dates may be repeated here but my desire is to make this a chronicle of the family as handed down to me and as I remember facts and incidents through some sixty-five years.

Perhaps the story should begin with my mother. As my grandchildren have been arriving one by one I have often thought of the contrast then and now. Then, September 28, 1854 in the little two room stone house at Durango (called Burtonville) and now, beautiful modern hospitals for each blessed event - Santa Monica, Canton, Washington. I do not remember my mother or grandmother ever describing the arrival. It is interesting to speculate whether the doctor arrived on time or whether a good neighbor or nearby mid-wife was on hand. Perhaps it was Dr. Finley that made the eight mile trip through mud and a September downpour.

Babies were not born in snow white hospitals in 1854. Of necessity that arrival in the front room of the little stone cottage may have set the pattern for future home deliveries. All four Wallis boys; Burton, Harold,

Allen and Rider were born in the "spare" bedroom at 121 Prairie Street (later 1295) and to follow tradition Sally, Will, Herod and John were born in the same room and the same bed. (As for doctors for my four; Dr. Ray R. Harris for Sally, then Dr. Walter Cary for Will, Herod and John, but it was good old specialist, Ida Kammuegger, that presided for each arrival and saved the day when Dr. Cary was late for Herod and John.)

We always knew that the little stone house near the red bridge at Durango was mother's birthplace and the smaller stone cottage just a few rods north had been Grandfather Wallis' home in 1850 when father was five years old and Sarah (Aunty Winall) six years old.

Aunty Winall gave a brief description of John Burton (Grandfather Burton) as a bachelor. Grandmother Wallis helped by mending and sewing on buttons. For two years or more Grandpa Wallis did some unprofitable mining and worked at the smelter for Grandpa Burton. Aunty Winall tells of Mr. Bonson being in charge of the lead furnace while John Burton went to England on a visit in 1851. Perhaps traveling about Derbyshire the pretty twenty year old widow, Mary Barton Gell, attracted the attention of the fifty year old visitor from the new world. At any rate after a year or two arrangements were completed for Mary to come to America. Judge Robert Bonson related at the dedication of Camp John Burton, the Boy Scout camp donated by Harold and Rider Wallis, that John Burton went down the Mississippi expecting to meet his bride in St. Louis but through some misunderstanding Mary embarked for the upriver trip and the ships passed in the night and failed to speak to each other in passing. It was a month later when the meeting took place, probably at the Bonson's comfortable brick home (later Morgans), for Jane Burton Bonson was a sister of John Burton. The marriage of John Burton and Mary Barton Gell must have taken place soon after Mary's arrival in Dubuque. Their first and only child, Mary Burton, was born Sept. 28, 1854.

The mines and smelter had been profitable enough to make John Burton the most important and influential man of the Durango area. Landing in New York in 1828 he made his way "upstate" and established a farm near Albany. In 1835 the lure of lead and tall tales of fortunes in Iowa country across the great river could not be resisted. After a sale of the farm, livestock and personal property, the long trek by canal boat, river and stage coach ended in the beautiful valley of Durango. Brother Allen was very proud to display a sale bill describing the property of John Burton to be offered at auction on the 8th day of February 1831, and another valuable item telling of a giant ox, the property of John Burton, to be on exhibition at Crosley Hotel, Albany, N.Y.

admission 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents - advertised as the finest Ox in this country or Europe, fattened by John Burton of Gilderland, Albany County. The most important keepsake of John Burton is the old leather bound ledger I have with hundreds of entries in his own handwriting. This record was started in 1838 and continues to 1848 and shows amounts paid for mineral, together with items of merchandise, foodstuffs and whiskey (\$1.00 a gallon), sold to miners. (called "grub-staking the miners"). Many familiar names appear, such as Langworthy, Bonson, Carter, Gillespie, Morning. In the front of the book appears the following:

"My brother Thomas Burton died
the 26th of August, 1847
Prepare our Selves to meet
our God - a Mane a Mane
John Burton"

I have perhaps fifteen to twenty original Government patents on parchment issued by the U. S. Government and signed by or for the President Zachary Taylor, Millard Filmore, or Jas. K. Polk.

Grandpa Burton and his brother Thomas established claim to great acres of hills and valleys in the Durango area as soon as they started their smelter near the Maquoketa Creek. When a land office was opened in Dubuque, administered by Warner Lewis (a grandson of Betty Washington Lewis - sister of George Washington), title to land was made secure by obtaining so-called Government patents. A number of the parcels of land obtained by John and Thomas Burton or by John alone were the result of land grants to veterans of the war of 1812 and the Government patents recite the name and military service and company commander of the veteran as "an act to raise for a limited time, an additional military force, and for other purposes," approved Feb. 11, 1847-John Graham, private in Captain Baker's company, Second Regiment Illinois Volunteers, etc. As a result of filing mining claims and purchase of land through the Government land office, the brothers, John and Thomas, acquired about two thousand acres in Dubuque, Peru, Jefferson and Center Townships. (On the death of Mary Burton Wallis the deed to John

Rider Wallis, Trustee, included more items and pages and represented more acres of land than had ever been recorded in one instrument in Dubuque County.)

In my portfolio I have five letters addressed to John and John and Thomas Burton from John Taylor of Albany, N. Y. who was acting as agent for John after the sale of the land in New York. The letters are called territorial covers because they were in use before the days of postage stamps and while Iowa was a part of Wisconsin territory, hence the term territorial covers. No envelope was used as the letters were folded and sealed with hot wax and in the upper right hand corner the figure "25" in red ink indicated a payment of twenty five cents for delivery from Albany, N. Y. to Dubuke Winconsin Ter (sic). The earliest date of the five letters is Nov. 2, 1837 and is marked "favored by Thomas Burton", which seems to place the date of Thomas' arrival in Durango as 1837. The next letter is dated Jan. 14, 1838; the others May, July, and August, 1838. The letter of July 8, 1838 is directed to

John & Thos. Burton Smelters
Dubuke
Territory Winconsin
US

The content of the letters is interesting as they reveal rather large money transactions and a reference to a lawsuit to secure judgment on a past due mortgage. Altogether the money transferred from the agent to John Burton seems to have totaled over \$5000, a sizeable amount for a pioneer in a new land. Reference is made to sending a certificate of deposit of \$500 and a draft of \$789.21 and later \$3000.

The family tree of John Burton was secured from Mrs. August Millhouse of Galena, Illinois whose grandfather, Robert Burton, was a brother of John Burton. There were six children of Robert and Priscilla Burton; Jane, Millie, Robert, Priscilla, Thomas and John.

Because of Jane's marriage to Richard Bonson our family was brought into close relationship with each generation of Bonsons, but particularly during the life

of the second Mrs. Bonson, Harriet Watts Pierson (Jane having died rather young, leaving two daughters, one later married Wm. Morgans and lived in the original Bonson house on the Asbury Road, built in 1854.)

The Burton family tree shows that Robert, the third child of Robert and Priscilla Burton, came to America with his wife, Ann Haslam, and children in 1828 and settled in Philadelphia. They moved west to Galena in 1831, carrying on a profitable lead smelting business during the great days of Galena mining. He is buried in the old cemetery in Galena.

The two brothers and two sisters who settled in Dubuque County were Jane (married Bonson), Priscilla (married Jos. Ball, then Jas. Haslam), Thomas, bachelor, and John (married Mary Barton Gell.)

It is appropriate to insert at this point the facts regarding John Burton uncovered by Judge Robert Bonson and used at the dedication of the Boy Scout Camp referred to earlier.

"Based on information obtained from the records of his naturalization and marriage in the office of the Clerk of Court of Dubuque County, Iowa, and also on entries made in my father's diary, I believe the following facts to be approximately correct:

It appears that his first naturalization papers were taken out in Albany, N. Y. There are conflicting dates in his first naturalization papers, one appearing as 1834 and the other as 1836. From this paper I would infer that he was born in 1799 in Derbyshire, England.

The picture of the early settlers shows that he came to Dubuque in 1836. He was naturalized in November 1st, 1841. He was married on November 17, 1852 to Mary Gell.

He died November 21, 1854 and was buried in Linwood Cemetery.

MARY BARTON GELL, BURTON, STOKELY WILSON
1829 - August 8, 1918

Perhaps this is the best time to introduce Grandma Wilson, Mary Barton Gell, Burton, Stokely Wilson, the most colorful, gayest, yet dourest and altogether unpredictable character to enter this narrative. To the four Wallis boys our mother's mother was always known as Grandma Wilson. My first memory of this grandmother made a lasting impression because it revealed her stamina, resourcefulness, and in the mind of a child - her bravery. I can remember Grandma starting out from our house late at night alone for the long (6 mile) lonely drive to Derby Grange with faithful Fanny and the old buggy.

In the flyleaf of the family Bible of Thomas Barton is written "Thomas Barton's Book October 10, 1813 Cromfort", then on the next page a list of the children born - Mary and Martha May 31, 1823, Henry July 19, 1825, George May 4, 1827, Mary (Grandmother) Dec. 14, 1829 aft past 2 in the morning, Elizabeth (Aunty Herod) May 26, 1832 "on Satarday night at 11 klok", Stephen March 21, 1835 "Saturday night 1/2 past 9 oclok", Thomas born 23 October 1837 aft past 11 in the morning on Monday. It appears Mary and Martha died at an early age, which gave Grandpa Barton a chance to use the name Mary again when the next girl baby was born (Dec. 14, 1829). Henry and Thomas also had a short span of life. This left George, Mary, Elizabeth, Stephen to grow to maturity and migrated to the new world.

I have in my portfolio the original document issued by "Jas. Thos. Law, Clerk, Master of Arts, Vicar General of the Right Reverend Father in God, John by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Lichfield: To our Beloved in Christ" giving permission, with Thomas Barton's consent, for William Gell to marry Mary Barton - Dated Dec. 24, 1847. So Grandma's first venture in matrimony was at the age of 18 (who could foresee three more marriages in the span of seventeen short but eventful years.) Nothing was ever said about the marriage in England but as boys we were thrilled to know the nameless husband was a soldier of the

King. I suppose Uncle Herod told us the soldier's name was William Gell. The young man died two or three years after the marriage at the age of 23 or 24.

The next marriage was Nov. 17, 1852 to (Grandfather) John Burton and took place in Dubuque, after the long perilous trip by sailing ship, canal barge, and river boat. Something of this is related earlier in the story of John Burton.

This brings us back to the little stone house at Durango where the 53 year old bachelor brought his beautiful 23 year old bride (and the old Daguerre'o - type pictures bear witness she was beautiful.)

The only picture of John Burton was taken by stealth while waiting for grandmother to have her turn and reveals a face denoting sturdy character beneath an ample beaver hat.

The birth of a child, Mary, on September 28, 1854 was soon followed by tragedy. On November 21, 1854 John Burton died at the age of 55.

The untimely death of Grandpa Burton brought great changes to the young wife widowed for the second time and for the two months old infant. Grandmother's sister Elizabeth, and husband Joseph Herod, came forward to assume the responsibility of caring for the infant, Mary Burton, and management of the estate of the widow and daughter.

This narrative would not be complete without a much more detailed story of Uncle and Aunty Herod than is appropriate at this time. Suffice it to say the young accountant from the counting house of the great textile mill of Watts & Co., Manchester, found his bride in the ancient town of Cromford (Derbyshire) and the wedding took place in the quaint little church in the Village of Wircksworth in 1850. He was a mature 24 and she just 18.

It was fortunate sister Elizabeth and Joseph were well settled in Dubuque when birth and death came to Durango.

Events are rather shrouded in the period between the death of John Burton in November, 1854 and the appearance of General Stokely. It is likely the young widow sold her interest in the smelter and moved to Dubuque to live with Elizabeth and Joseph who were assuming full responsibility for the infant. At any rate General Montford Samuel Stokely came on the scene and promptly wooed the twice widowed heiress.

The General was descended from a long line of pioneers dating back to Colonial Pennsylvania.

General Stokely's older sister, Frances Stokely Wilson, was the mother of Thomas Wilson who will soon come into our story and be the fourth one to claim the hand of Grandmother.

It was through the relationship with Judge Wilson that General Stokely was drawn to Dubuque. This was in the days of cheap land and the Stokely-Wilson combination carried on a lively business in government land grants.

The General served as Congressman from Steubenville, Ohio and did not actually settle in Dubuque. The marriage took place about 1856 - the second for the General and third for Grandmother.

There were periods of residence at the Moring Farm (Cloie Fork in Allen's time) where Uncle Joe Stokely was born and for a brief time at Derby Grange. But the Dubuque life was never as glamorous as back east. Many a tale was related of trips to Washington with the Congressman from Ohio and as a highlight attending the Republican Convention in Chicago held in the great "Wigwam" when Lincoln was nominated for President.

I have a clipping from a Steubenville, Ohio newspaper giving the account of the death of Little Anne so we know Grandma had Joseph and Anne and I think

one other child by the General.

One of my unique documents is the statement of the Court of Common Pleas of Washington County, Pennsylvania admitting Samuel Stokely as a practicing attorney, dated Sept. 24, 1816. If the young man was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one, he would be at least sixty years old at the time he married the twenty-eight year old widow of John Burton.

I do not have the date of the death of the General but assume it was in 1860 or 1861 for I have a letter dated June 7, 1861 directed to Mrs. Mary Stokely re-appointment of Montford S. Stokely and Geo. Mason joint administrators of the estate of General Stokely and placing their bond at \$30,000.00. This would indicate a very substantial estate to be administered for the benefit of the widow and children of the first and second marriages.

Cousin Mont Stokely of Des Moines has much information about his grandfather, General Stokely, and has promised to fill in the gaps in my Stokely section. However, I must push on with this narrative for now I am the only one of "the four Wallis boys" alive.

Soon after I started my writing I took the manuscript and my portfolio to Burton's bedside but it was not easy to hold his attention and the reading was postponed. Burton was a great and gentle character. He suffered beyond anything I have known and all with supreme patience and fortitude. Death came to assuage his suffering and he was buried in Linwood Cemetery on his 76th birthday, November 29, 1958.

The next matrimonial venture, and each seemed to be venture above and beyond the ordinary, was a union with Judge Thos. S. Wilson. Judge Wilson was a distinguished jurist, honored in great measure by the community and the state. As a young lawyer recently arrived from Ohio, Thomas S. Wilson was named chairman or mayor of the first city governing body. This was in 1834, less than a year after the first settlement of the area was permitted by treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians.

Judge Wilson's mother, Frances Stokely Polk Wilson, was a sister of General Stokely and the only person living during the Revolutionary War to be buried in Linwood Cemetery (honored thirty years ago by a special bronze emblem on the grave by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Again Grandma Wilson selected a mate many years her senior. The marriage took place in 1864. The more important item to record is the fact the fourth marriage was the only one to end in divorce. And this came after several years of hopefully trying to patch up differences largely brought about by too free use of the bottle. I have in some safe place a letter written by the Judge pleading with Grandma to take a certain train to Chicago and stay at a certain hotel, he agreeing to make the trip by a different train and stay at a different hotel. All this in order to talk over a reconciliation for the sake of their little daughter Grace. Two children were born to the union, Grace and Ernest. All the good qualities of Grandmother and the Judge were built into Aunt Grace. Unfortunately Ernest fell short and in his youth and early middle age followed in his father's footsteps in his liking for beer and strong drink. As a young boy I can remember mother going to the back door to find Uncle Ernest in shabby clothes, smelling of beer but ready for a good dinner. After each visitation mother would be in a highly nervous state but Uncle Ernest would start off with a full stomach and perhaps money for a new

suit of clothes after the usual promise to reform. The profound impression made upon my mind was responsible in large part for the resolve never to taste or drink a glass of beer.

The time came when Uncle Ernest had the opportunity to show his metal and redeem himself in the eyes of his relatives, friends, and the four Wallis boys. As late as August 22, 1958 the newspaper reviewed the heroic deed of Ernest Wilson in keeping the pumps operating during the greatest and most destructive of the famous lumber yard fires. The story in the local paper fifty-four years after the fire gives this account; "While lumber yard and sawmill fires hit the city before, the great fires started in 1894 with the alarm turned in at 5:30 P. M. June 8th heralding the largest sixty million board feet of lumber went up in the blaze xx. The lumber piles covered blocks. Heat was so intense that 500 feet of railroad track was destroyed xxx. Two men buried in the middle of the inferno in a city water pumping station kept the water supply up for the firemen. Ernest Wilson, Engineer, and Jas. Hoare, his assistant, seeing the need for keeping water pressure up and seeing the fire sweeping down over the pumping station, sealed themselves inside and waged their private battle against the flames. They kept from being burned to a cinder by keeping water flowing on the roof and over the building and operated the pumps to full capacity for more than twenty-four hours while flames swept over it. Wilson was the son of the Judge Wilson who was one of the village trustees voting for the first fire fighting equipment in Iowa in 1837." The black sheep of the family made one brave effort to make up for many deficiencies.

The other child of the Wilson marriage was Grace Allen who became, and remained through long years, Aunt Grace (lived to be over 80). Aunt Grace was as close to the Wallis family as any full blood aunt. She even took a hand at administering discipline in one form or another. Harold was said to have built up resentment and resistance on more than one occasion. But Aunt Grace had developed

a fine character - patient and long suffering - in the care of an ailing, temperamental husband. Guy Francis Guilbert came of a prominent pioneer family. His father was a Civil War doctor and an authority on masonry in Iowa. Guy was a graduate architect and designed a great number of Dubuque's finer homes of the 1898-1902 period. His work took him to Washington, Springfield, Ohio, and finally San Antonio, Texas. Grandmother Wilson made the long trip from 121 Prairie Street to Texas a year or so before my mother died (December, 1916) and word reached me in France that her death occurred August 7, 1918, the day I sailed for France. Aunt Grace lived on in very modest circumstances, with Guy working in an architect's office until his sight and health failed. Elizabeth was the only child of this marriage and now lives in San Antonio with her second husband, Billy Fairchild. A fine young son by the first marriage was burned to death by gasoline fire the first day as an attendant at a gas station.

To go back for a brief review of Judge Wilson, it should be stated that aside from holding office as the first mayor or chairman of the City Council, he served as a Judge on the first Supreme Court of Iowa. In 1853 Judge Wilson and Platt Smith made the long journey to Washington to try a case before the U. S. Supreme Court - Patrick Molony vs Choteau. The case had been before the courts for many years in an attempt of the heirs of Julien Dubuque to establish title to the land granted by the King of Spain to Julien Dubuque and when Judge Wilson and Platt Smith won the case and land titles were secure, the news reached Dubuque amid the ringing of bells, the glare of great bonfires, and mutual congratulations from one settler to another.

At the one hundredth anniversary of establishing the Federal Court in Dubuque two or three years ago Judge Wilson was eulogized as one of the great jurists of the early period of our state. I was not called upon to rise, as did the grandson and granddaughter of the brother (David) of Judge Wilson, for I was merely the grandson of the Judge's second wife and the Judge my grandmother's

fourth husband.

Perhaps true love entered into Grandmother's first marriage but the other three ventures with middle aged, or shall we say aging men, brought adventure, prominence and sometimes riches.

During my grade school days Grandmother lived at 1669 Main Street, the south half of the double brick. Uncle and Aunty Herod lived in the north half of the building (#1671). After Aunt Grace married and moved to Washington, about 1902, the house was cleared and rented and Grandma settled at 121 Prairie Street (Oaklawn). It was not easy for mother to adjust to the new situation; a large house, four active boys with a host of friends, and her own interests to be set aside in deference to her mother's wishes or demands. Grandma could be "sweet as pie", interesting and entertaining, but at times moody and disagreeable and a great trial to mother. Once when the noise of battle was particularly loud in the parlor, Grandma came from her little room at the head of the stairs, wrapped loudly with her cane and called out "Boys, it sounds like a saloon," to which Allen responded, "Grandma what do you know about a saloon?"

Another item to record was the remark of Aunt Janet Smith to Mont Stokely. Mont, then a mature young man, was visiting with Aunt Janet and speaking of the ups and downs of his father said "Aunt Janet what's the matter with pa?" The reply came promptly - "Your Grandfather (General Stokely) was too old."

Aunt Janet was greatly loved by all the family and a host of friends. She was an aunt by virtue of her marriage to Grandmother and Aunty Herod's brother, Stephen Barton. Uncle Stephen, as a young man fresh from England, made the hazardous and unrewarding trek to the gold fields of California, returning empty handed in time to enlist for service in the Civil War. Fever contracted in the south brought about an untimely death. (I have preserved a Mexican bridle brought back from Uncle Stephen's gold rush in 1849.)

A few years after Stephen's death Aunt Janet Barton became Mrs. Platt Smith. Again this was a case of a young attractive widow marrying a man of great prominence but many years older. Platt Smith was another of the pioneer self-made lawyers of the early days. He became recognized as a skillful trial lawyer and later as a famous railroad lawyer and promoter. He was intimately associated with Uncle Herod in early railroad projects such as the Dubuque and Pacific - later to become a part of the Illinois Central.

UNCLE AND AUNTY HEROD

Uncle Herod was born in Manchester, England in December 18, 1826 and died April 11, 1911 at 1671 Main Street. Aunty was born in Cromford, Derbyshire England in 1832 and died January 9, 1912 at 121 (1295) Prairie St.

Much space should be given to the Uncle Herod story for he represented father to the four Wallis boys and as indicated earlier, to Mary Burton.

Early memories of Uncle and Aunty center around the Christmas ritual, Uncle trimming the tree and arranging the candles all in secret after the four boys were presumably safe in bed. Uncle and Aunty always stayed all night Christmas Eve and in the morning with great ceremony Uncle would make his way to the library door to see if Santa Claus had finished his task-- then at a signal the door would be opened with a cry that Santa had just gone up the chimney. My Christmas request year after year was for a drum and this was satisfied progressively until a snare drum fit for use in Miss Keachie's orchestra became my pride and joy.

Many years ago, 45 perhaps, Harold set about writing the Uncle Herod story. Dorothy was called upon to take dictation and do the typing. Trips to the new house on Wilbur Lane after bank hours or in the evening continued well into the winter. Three or four years ago Harold promised to search his files and send us a copy of the unfinished work. Now that Harold has gone perhaps Sara will some day find this and Joseph Herod Wallis will have written evidence to bear out the reason he was named for Uncle Herod.

On arrival in Dubuque Uncle Herod busied himself in establishing a home and it was not long until he was ready to start construction of a typical English manor house. In the spring of 1856 bricks were selected from the brick yard producing the bricks for the Congregational Church and construction of Derby Grange was under way. By fall the structure was enclosed and two skillful

carpenters spent the winter completing the interior. All doors, window trim, and inside folding shutters for every window were created from straight grain white pine. The great fireplace in the dining room was the chief attraction of the house and for one hundred years made the dining room the focal point and family room.

It was natural and very appropriate to name the farm Derby Grange - Derby for Derbyshire, England, Aunty Herod and Grandmother's birthplace, and Grange meaning farm.

It was strange that Uncle Herod should decide upon a rural setting for his home. He was not a farmer nor did he intend embarking in farm operation. It seems to have been a trend of the times for the early city builders to locate substantial brick homes in the surrounding area.

It is rather a mystery whether Uncle and Aunty Herod actually settled and lived at Derby Grange. The title passed to Grandmother, then the wife of General Stokely, then to her son Joseph, who failed to farm in a thrifty manner and sold two hundred acres to the shiftless Merritt family. Mother stepped in to redeem and salvage the forty acres and house and buildings, saving Derby Grange for the family.

Nothing has meant so much in the life and development of the Wallis family as Derby Grange. Each summer through childhood, youth, and manhood was spent at this delightful spot. I hope my children will hold choice memories of happy days at Derby. The Guest book faithfully kept recorded every visit of every member of the family, and every visitor from 1899 to March 1946 when the property passed to Charles and Georgia Zollars.

To return to Uncle Herod's place in our story it must be emphasized that he took the place of a father. Everything centered around Uncle and Aunty. They were as much a part of our family circle as if they were parents or grand-

parents. Uncle had full charge and responsibility for the city property and many farms and timber lands, both in Dubuque County and the thousand acres in Floyd County, Iowa, and father's three hundred twenty acres in South Dakota. I can remember many Saturday and Sunday trips with Tom and the surrey "with the fringe on the top" into the timbered hills to help Uncle mend line fences. Then there were picnics or Sunday drives that ended in all hands fighting forest fires started by careless hunters or railroad engines belching sparks through the Durango valley.

I have many mementos of Uncle Herod's early business activities; cancelled checks as treasurer of the first street railway, one paying \$400 for a team of horses for horsepower to draw the street cars, oats at 10¢ per bushel, wages a dollar or two a day, etc.

Then there were books of unissued railroad bonds in our attic waiting to be issued and lacking the signature of Jos. Herod, Secretary of the Dubuque and Pacific R. R.

In the 1890's when the high school was built on fifteen and Locust Street, Uncle, as Treasurer of the School Board, was the watch dog of the construction. His reward was one dozen cut glass tumblers, now packed in a barrel for future use or distribution.

The position of treasurer continued for some thirty years. I remember as a small boy making the round of schools with Uncle (Tom knew where to stop at each school) to pay the teachers in hard cash. He was always received with a smile. The receipt form was signed promptly and on to the next room - then the next school.

Many pleasant memories crowd in as I write; far too many to include in this narrative.

The trips to the Floyd County farms sixty years ago was our first experience

at a lake resort - Clear Lake, Iowa - Uncle's trip to Bellevue to retrieve Mary and the four little boys, huddled in the small station of the narrow gauge R. R., where they had been stranded during a frightful night of storms and flood while returning from the annual visit with Rev. and Mrs. Jas. Hill of Cascade - Then the trips to Chicago in 1909 and 1910 when Uncle was 83 or 84 years old - conferences with the architect and selection of materials for Coventry Court.

I have always remembered the remark of the room clerk at the new LaSalle Hotel as he turned the register around and read the name Jos. Herod "Well glad to have you with us Mr. Herod - One of our oldest names."

Uncle had a storehouse of sayings and stories, many from his early youth in England - Like the story of the chimney sweep in the little Village of Eccles entering a bakery shop asked for an Eccles cake and taking it in his black grimy hands said "How much for this?" The answer - a penny - then slapping the cake back and forth in his dirty hands said "A penny for that? I'll give you an a'penny (1/2 penny) for it". Then the story of the rival bake shop selling meat pies. When trade was lagging in the new store a young man appeared at the old established store at a crowded time and with a sack over his shoulders made his way to the counter, emptied the sack of two large dead tomcats, saying in a loud voice "All I can let you have today. Bring you some more tomorrow". And the true story of this baker's assistant that started a shop across the street from the old original Eccles Cake Shop and placed a large sign above the door "The original Eccles cake maker removed from the other side". This was soon answered from the other shop with a sign "The original Eccles cake maker never removed".

Uncle was a great collector of epitaphs and I have a volume published in England with items inserted, many of which he was able to recite from memory. One of his favorites was an epitaph on a tombstone in a New England churchyard:

"We can't have everything to please us
Little Willie's gone to Jesus

And some wag) Cheer up dear friend all may yet be well
lettered under)-----Perhaps little Willie has gone to Hell"

Aunty Herod was a faithful devoted wife. She was called Aunty by a score of young and middle aged. It was unfortunate no children came to bless the union but certainly fortunate for Mary Burton to be showered with as much affection and love as if she had been a daughter.

One of the highlights of the many good times with Uncle and Aunty was their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The great event took place at 121 Prairie St., in 1900 - Uncle 74 - Aunty 68, the Wallis boys 13, 14, 15 and 16. At the mature age of 13 many details of the event are clearly remembered - Preacher Hopkins dancing a jig in the hall and all the large circle of old friends having a grand time sans potent punch or other spirits.

The Wallis boys were just as much at home at 1669 Main St., as Prairie St. The cookie jar always had a supply of sugar cookies although Aunty insisted on putting caraway seeds in half of each batch. I have never liked caraway seeds from that day to this. Aunty was supreme in the art of pastry making and her lemon pie and tarts were beyond compare. Most Sunday dinners or holiday meals ended with lemon or mince pie and Eccles cakes. It is safe to say the lack of many prepared desserts as we have today made it necessary to know something of the culinary art and many a husband was wooed through the stomach.

During Mother's childhood and early years her Grandfather and Grandmother Barton lived with Uncle and Aunty (Aunty's Father and Mother - both are buried in Linwood Cemetery). Mother used to tell of Grandpa Barton making the trip down the long stairway and hall at ten thirty, when Father was paying court - then in a loud voice, after bolting the front door, call "All in or all out".

UNCLE GEORGE

Uncle George Barton should be given some space at this point. It will be remembered that the Bartons of Cromford, England who came to America, were Thomas and wife the father and mother, then Elizabeth (Aunty Herod), Mary (Grandmother Wilson), Stephen - died of fever in the Civil War and George.

Uncle George was short and stocky with bushy red beard. He spent his life on a rough unproductive farm near Durango. A gem to record is Uncle George's response to Mother when in desperation eggs were added to the meager menu available when the invitation to stay for lunch was promptly accepted. When the platter of poached eggs was passed to Uncle George he said in a loud voice with his own English accent "No thank you, I can get eggs at home."

Then the story of another visit and Mother arranging to have Michael Melchoir, our coachman, take Uncle George to the north limits of the town to meet a farmer who had offered a ride back to Durango. Burton was pressed in service and Uncle George disclosed the meeting place was to be Alie Glab's saloon where "you can get the best glass of beer in town." When Michael, a German appreciating good beer, and Burton, just old enough to enter a beer saloon, lined up at the bar with Uncle George who had sung the praises of Alie Glab's beer, Uncle George responded to the bartender's queries "What'll you have?" with "I'll 'ave a whiskey..."

In the Aunty Winall story a good deal was written about the early life and struggle of Grandfather and Grandmother Wallis. Much more could be recorded here but it must be remembered that I was only eleven years old when Grandpa Wallis died and much of my information came from Mother and Aunty Winall.

I have very clear recollections of the fiftieth wedding celebration and of Grandfather's funeral January 2, 1899 (Died at 85), and I remember Grandpa coming to see Mary and the four boys, sitting in our library in the old rocking chair. The first snapshot I ever took was of Grandpa Wallis in the rocking chair near the fireplace.

Its strange to think that my children will have no memory of a grandparent and I hope to live long enough so my grandchildren will retain some pleasant memories of me.

Each Christmas during Grandfather's life our Christmas present was a five dollar gold piece, always in a little white net sack with a red draw string, and the four little sacks with a card on each were carefully fastened in different parts of the Christmas tree.

Years ago I found a letter written by Grandpa Dec. 25, 1890 (then 77 years old). The penmanship is clear and faultless - the wording I am placing here so all may read and heed.

LETTER FROM GRANDPA WALLIS

Avon Place
Dec. 25, 1890

My Dear Grandsons:

This is the time of giving presents to our friends and as you are among my dearest ones, we present you a little present in money but this is very small in comparison to the wish of my heart that you may grow up to be men of distinction in the several callings you may be called to fill. Always have due respect for yourselves, honor the name of your Father, be always kind to your Mother, study her happiness and in every sense of the word be Christian gentlemen.

When I shall sleep the sleep that knoweth no waking till the triumph shall sound to awake the sleeping dead. I shall have joined your dear Papa in the better land.

This is the gift above all others - that you be good boys for good boys make good men, then you will be an honor to society, a benefit to your race and a blessing to the world is the prayer of your Grandpa.

MARY BURTON WALLIS

1854 - 1916

J. W. Wallis

Mary Burton

Married

Wednesday, November twenty-third

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one

Dubuque

This is the simple wording of the wedding announcement preserved in my portfolio.

The mature young business man of thirty-six had won the hand of lovely Mary Burton, just twenty-seven.

Father had gone off to war at sixteen with the Iowa troops. Being too young for enlistment he served throughout the war in the quartermaster department and when discharged, his commanding officer gave him this letter of recommendation:

St. Louis, Mo.
Sept. 20, 1864

To whom it may concern:

Mr. J. W. Wallis of DuBuque Iowa has been for nearly a year in my employ as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department during which time he proved himself to be a young man of unexceptionable character upright honest and most faithful in discharging his duties in whatever position placed.

I can further recommend him as one of the best and most reliable young men I ever met with eminently qualified to fill positions of trust and responsibility.

Joseph G. Foulkes
Lieut
U.S. Vol.

After the war a position with John Bell & Co., was secured and later as teller in the First National Bank, then a year or two later when the partnership of John V. Rider and James Wallis was established, father was employed as clerk and later buyer for the thriving mercantile establishment to be known through a space of fifty years as the Rider-Wallis Company.

There were boxes of letters destroyed when the Prairie Street house had to be cleared. A few were salvaged, such as the formal appeal for a quiet date and the equally formal response:

Friend Mary

Next Sabbath evening the tenor of the Presbyterian Choir has a vacation on account of communion service held in the afternoon.

Now the aforesaid "Warbler" would be serenely blessed if he could pass the evening in your society, either by attending divine worship or in social converse at your fireside. Can you grant this request?

Yours

Will

The Answer

Sunday June 1-1879

My dear Will,

I received your note after church.

Please come in good season that we may visit awhile before going- for I want to see you very much.

Your Mary

Joining the Wallis family with the Burton family was a logical union of pioneer English middle class stock.

By 1881 Grandfather Wallis had met with unusual success and when the marriage was in the offing the brick house in the acre of ground at Prairie, Chestnut and Walnut Streets was acquired. The property, greatly improved, was the wedding gift from Grandfather and Grandmother Wallis to Will and Mary. The library with large bedroom above, was added, together with complete decorating and painting. The painted ceiling in the library was the handiwork of August "Count" Rasmussen and given as a wedding present. All the decorating work was done by our skillful Danish friend who continued to do all the painting and decorating at 121 Prairie Street up to the time of his death.

In April, 1956 the Telegraph Herald ran a story with photographs of the library

ceiling - "Dane did murals at Wallis Home." It was always interesting to point out the four medallions in the design depicting boy cupids. This must have been an inspiration of the artist and a prophecy that there would be four Wallis boys to bless the union.

Will was an enthusiastic horseman and boasted a pure bred Kentucky gelding, a beautiful dappled gray called "Star".

Father possessed an excellent tenor voice and for many years sang in the Presbyterian choir (I have had great hopes that Herod or John would inherit musical talent from their mother and Grandfather Wallis).

Masonic activity took much time from the family circle but resulted in establishing strong enduring friendships. Most of the Masonic offices were held and finally Eminent Commander of Knights Templar.

All seemed to point to many happy years. William Burton arrived in November, 1882, just a year after the marriage; then James Harold in January, 1885; and Joseph Allen eleven months later - in December, 1885; and finally John Rider January 4, 1887.

Then death came swiftly and all was changed. By handling print goods father had an infection settle in his nose, which developed rapidly into erysipelas. Years ago I found notes kept by Aunty Herod recording the events of the tragic days from December 25, 1886 to January 5, 1887. This is part of her account - "Friday Dec. 31 came up to Mary's this morning to stay. Will very sick, Mrs. Wilson and Grace came in this afternoon from the country - children down to Judge Lacy's. Jan. 1st Dr. here twice - Will still very sick. Mary and I taking care of him. Sunday 2nd Will getting worse all the time. Mrs. Bonson, Rob and Miss Watts called Aunt Janet, Miss Grey, Mrs. Raw. Monday 3rd Will no better - Staples (Dr.) came twice today for the first time. Tuesday 4th Dr. Staples here twice, Mary feeling very bad today, and went to bed just before

dinner in the evening. Mary kept getting worse, about 8 o'clock Uncle went for the nurse. Mrs. Wilson here - Uncle went for the Dr. Baby born at 10 o'clock P.M. A few minutes before the Dr. got in the house. Mother Wallis here, Mrs. Winall. Will very sick - he missed Mary. Before the Dr. went away he told Will about Mary, but he did not seem to remember much about it. Wednesday 5th Dr. Brady came with the Dr. twice today."

Without the help of modern drugs nothing could be done to stop the spread of the poison. Death came on January 16, 1887. Mary Burton Wallis, thirty-two, torn by grief was left a widow with three little boys and a twelve day old baby. The evening paper January 17, 1887 carried a headline "The City's Loss" followed by half a column telling the exemplary life that had been snuffed out.

"In 1872-3 he was in the First National Bank as teller, but in the following year returned to the wholesale dry goods house of John Bell & Co., of which he soon became a member, and from that time to the date of his death was an active and efficient member of that firm, and its successors, Bell, Rider & Wallis and Rider, Wallis & Co., and did his full share towards building up and steadily increasing the large business and high reputation of the well-known house.

No words can adequately express the great loss caused by Mr. Wallis' death not merely to his own immediate family but to the community generally. No hastily written words can do justice to his ability, his high character, his pure life, his estimable and lovable traits as a son, husband, father and friend.

His standing as a business man, both as to ability and integrity was unsurpassed in this community and is known to all.

No man's domestic life was happier or more admirable; no friend was more faithful and generous, whether in social or business life he was frank, truthful and free from all duplicity, and, while firm in maintaining his own rights, was quick to yield everything about which there could be any question.

The strong and hearty sympathy of the whole city goes out to his terribly stricken wife and children and to his father's family.

On November 23, 1881 Mr. Wallis was married to Miss Mary Burton and four sons have been born to them Burton, Harold, Allen, and a baby born during Mr. Wallis' illness."

So this is the account of my father's death. A life was taken and new life appeared. The new baby was named John Rider for the senior partner of the Rider-Wallis Co., John V. Rider, and no doubt the name John was also for the Father, John William.

MOTHER CARRIES ON

After five crowded years the young widow was suddenly faced with great responsibility. Again Uncle Herod came forward to guide and help and assume the roll of father for the four little boys. Just as Uncle and Aunty Herod had been as a father and mother for Mary Burton, now again they were to fill the same place for the fatherless children.

I wish it were possible for me to properly express in words my loving tribute to my mother. When the crushing blow came she did not falter. From the very outset it was apparent her whole life and being was to be wrapped up in her four boys. This was the rule of her life from that bleak cold day in January, 1887 until the quiet hand of death closed her eyes December 4, 1916. Certainly no children enjoyed a happier family life. A devoted mother was ever watchful to further the development and interest of her little brood.

It was fortunate Grandfather and Grandmother Wallis and Aunty Winall were close by. I remember Mother describing her sister-in-law, Aunty Winall, as one of the finest women she had ever known. All through the years this loyalty and love for Sister Sally (Aunty Winall) continued and the same deep regard and love was held by the four Wallis boys to the end of her beautiful life.

With a lively growing family it was necessary to have help and soon a sixteen year old German girl was engaged. As year after year rolled by Lizzie Leik endeared herself to all and became as a member of the family. Her devoted service was beyond price. When it came time for a wedding with George Haywood, the young Englishman fresh from England claimed his bride in our parlor.

The years that followed found me trimming the Christmas tree for Lizzie and George each Christmas Eve. Even before the first baby came there had to be a Christmas tree and as each of the four children arrived there was reason enough to continue being Santa Claus.

There are countless happy memories of my mother and it can be truthfully said whatever I am I owe to my mother. I want this record to make a lasting impression on my four children so they will have an appreciation of the character of the Grandmother they were not privileged to know.

Then, too, everything that can be said of my mother should be repeated to describe their beautiful mother whose love and devotion was unbounded.

There is so much that could be written of our family life - the months at Derby Grange every summer - the visits at Cascade with Rev. and Mrs. Hill, our Civil War hero whose sword I have preserved - the trip to the great World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 - I have a vivid mental picture of the burning of one of the great exhibition buildings and seeing the firemen fall to their death - the crowning event of our school days - the grand tour of Europe in 1904, Mother and her four sons and Grandmother Wilson. Mother celebrated her fiftieth birthday on shipboard September 28, 1904 while returning from England. I remember feeling that fifty years seemed such a very mature age. There were other vacation trips for the entire family - Omaha Exposition in 1898 - St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.

Mother watched over her four as they made their way through Lincoln School and High School. Then college days came with Burton attending the University of Chicago and later Iowa State College. Harold was accepted at Yale after passing a rigid examination with flying colors (an unusual achievement to enter Yale from a little High School in the midwest). After a strong inclination to enter Leland Stanford, I paired with Allen and enrolled in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, September 1906.

During all these years Mother patiently watched, served and directed. If it meant helping Harold wash his prize white hens and roosters in the bathtub and place them in flannel and towels by the register in the nursery, she was there to assist. If underground caves and shacks were built in the back yard,

the activity was sanctioned as natural for growing boys.

When High School years brought social life Prairie Street was the center and house parties at Derby Grange will never be forgotten.

War clouds were gathering ominously and President Wilson's promise to keep the nation out of war seemed impossible to realize. Believing the call to arms would soon come, I applied for admission to the Citizens Military Training Camp at Plattsburgh, N.Y. Mother was worried and somewhat disturbed when I started forth to camp in August, 1916. When war came in April, 1917 she was not here to see me start out again.

During the summer and fall of 1916 Mother seemed to fail. The doctor found no treatment to build energy and stop the loss of weight. The final illness developed into pneumonia and in a few short days death claimed a beautiful soul. I had been with Mother every day and at the last moments of Uncle and Aunty Herod's life but the loss of my Mother was a shock beyond anything I had known or could imagine.

The newspaper of December 5, 1916 gave nearly a column to the announcement of Mother's death:

Mrs. Mary Wallis suddenly called
Born in Dubuque in 1854. Her entire life was spent here.

Descendant of early settlers.
Short illness ends in death of woman well known and universally loved.

Seldom have the people of our city been so shocked and grieved as by the news of the sudden passing away of Mrs. Mary Burton Wallis, one of the best known and best loved women of Dubuque. Mrs. Wallis was taken ill during the last week but her illness did not become alarming until Sunday, when she grew steadily worse until her death, which occurred Monday evening at a quarter before eight o'clock.

Mary Burton was married in 1881 to John William Wallis, who died in January, 1887, leaving four sons to whom her life was afterward devoted, and there is no one of her friends who does not know of the loving care with which she fulfilled her obligations to them. Her devotion was constant and tireless, and she made their home a haven to which they turned for sympathy in trials and joy in pleasures. In this she found her life

work and her greatest happiness. Her home was one of most charming hospitality - her friends and those of her sons were made welcome and she made each guest a special object of her loving care and thoughtfulness.

As in her home life with her family and her aged mother, so among her friends she was the one to whom everyone turned in times of joy and sorrow.

Mrs. Wallis was for many years a devoted member of the First Congregational Church. In church circles, as in all other walks of life, she will be missed as one of the faithful - one who gave to the utmost her service, her sympathy and her love.

A rare spirit has left us - one who will always be remembered with the deepest affection.

Mrs. Wallis is survived by her sons, William Burton, James Harold, John Rider of Dubuque, Joseph Allen of Santa Rosa, Cal., her mother, Mrs. Mary Wilson, one sister, Mrs. Guy Guilbert of San Antonio, Texas, a brother, Joseph Stokely, and six grandchildren.

It was not easy to readjust my life. My mother had so much to live for and she was dead at sixty-two. I was just thirty in January. The housekeeping ran along under the efficient care of Fredricka Hartman and Wallis Winall came to live with me during the winter while his mother and sister Beatrice were in California.

Then war was declared and all was changed. With a record of military training at Culver Military Academy, the summer of 1905, and the experience at Plattsburgh in 1916, I was the only one from Dubuque approved for admission to the first officer's training camp at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

A NEW CHAPTER

The big house was closed - nothing had been touched in mother's room since the tragic evening of Dec. 4th. Harold was to take my place as trustee of the estate if anything happened to me. Burton was put in charge of renting and general control of Coventry Court.

May 15, 1917 was my day of enlistment and Friday, the 13th of June, 1919 was the date of discharge. Three months of intensive training at Fort Snelling was followed by a year as Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant with the Field Artillery of the 88th Division at Camp Dodge. Overseas service with the 175th Brig. Headquarters of the 88th Division dated from August 7, 1918 to May 30, 1919. The only leave from military service was a grant of ten days to be married.

The wedding, Eunice Lyon and Lieut. Rider Wallis took place at 1005 Bluff St., May 11, 1918. (Each of my children has a portfolio prepared with great care giving facts and pictures of their wonderful mother. The work of creating five complete records was accomplished during many lonely nights in January, February and March of 1937. Again the big house was closed and the four children and father were settled in Apartment 3 Coventry Court).

On return from France in June of 1919 Oaklawn came to life once more. The position at the bank had been held open and there was much to be done to pick up the thread of business and civic affairs.

The old homestead had nurtured four children of one generation and now a new generation was to usher in four more to bless the newly established home. Eunice Sarah was number one and I ran most of the way up Twelfth Street hill to get home in time for the arrival. That was September 21, 1920. Sally was named for her mother and Sarah for her Grandmother Lyon and Aunty Winall.

Next John William arrived June 24, 1923 - named for my father.

In 1923 I was entirely absorbed in organizing a corporation to construct a bank and office building. During 1923 and the early part of 1924 the responsibility for the construction of the thirteen story building and the renting of the office space rested upon me. When the grand opening had been held the Wallis couple and the Graves couple start off for Europe.

It has been said many times that as for travel Herod had the head start on the others for he toured England, Norway and the battlefields of France without difficulty. The arrival date was January 16, 1925 and to honor the memory of Uncle Herod and the great place he filled in our family, the new baby was named Joseph Herod.

More than five years passed and then the fourth baby arrived May 7, 1930. In spite of having the name John used for the first boy, it was decided to have a junior and even though it complicated matters a bit, the new arrival was named John Rider. So the four children of the new generation matched the number of the previous generation.

Life in the old homestead moved along much as in the days of long ago. Again a loving devoted mother watching over four children with every thought and act directed toward their proper care and development. There was Sunday School, Lincoln School, Washington and Senior High School, with the usual school activities for Sally and the three boys in turn.

My hope is that each child will hold happy memories of our family life.

Again Derby Grange filled a great place and there were automobile trips and many trips to Camp Burton for Sally and her Dad, and picnics down the river with the bridge club families. Perhaps Will and Herod will remember the camping trip to Trout Lake or pitching tent and camping out among the great pines at Pine Hollow with the Gronen boys and their father. All but John will remember the week, or was it two, at Green Lake with the Haltenhoff

family (John was ten weeks old and spent most of the time in a padded clothes basket.) The Chicago World Fair should be remembered by all except John. Then the two weeks at Leach Lake should have left clear memories of fishing trips with the Indian guide, of rough water and John's touch of mal de mer.

I have no doubt all will remember one particular dog, or perhaps three or four. Of course Nancy should hold first place, then Wiggie, Nola and Patsy. It is to be recorded that Nancy distinguished herself by following Sally to the foot of Fourteenth Street to guard against any intrusion and prevented the grocery boy from retrieving the four year old runaway. And Wiggie may be remembered for putting us out of the Chinchilla rabbit business by destroying the breeding stock; one purchased in a weak moment for the sum of fifteen dollars.

The years following John's arrival were crowded with activity and happy times - then a great catastrophe came with the forced closing of the bank - a shock and trial difficult to bear. Without delay I was appointed as a State Examiner for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with offices in Des Moines.

The terrible and tragic happening came on January 5, 1937 when death claimed wife and mother. On the very eve of modern drugs pneumonia could not be arrested and the life of the second dearly loved one was snuffed out by this dread disease. It is difficult to write of this period except to try to tell my family how desparately I tried to fill the place of both mother and father. It was not an easy task and failure in some areas seemed unavoidable. If I have instilled into my daughter and three sons the spirit of intense family unity and loyalty, I shall be immeasurably rewarded.

No father could be prouder of his motherless children. Each one has fulfilled my fondest expectation. Each one was tested by war or military service and more than measured up to every demand.

After two trips to Fort Des Moines for examination I was finally accepted for

service only to be told months later that the order had been changed and no more World War I officers would be commissioned.

Then followed four years as head of the War Price & Ration Board, a vicious assignment leaving headaches and ragged nerves in the wake. But as a proud father I hung a service flag with three stars in the library window.

Herod had battled pneumonia and there were anxious days at Finley Hospital. Uncle Joe and Dr. Nesler rendered skillful service and victory was achieved. There were nights pacing the hall waiting for the crisis - the same hall, the same killing disease that had taken such terrible toll just a few years before.

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After graduating from Stanford Sally was off for camp in Texas and for the fourth time this dread disease that has stalked our family struck and Sally was laid low. In spite of a medical history of pneumonia, Herod was rushed off to the high altitude of Colorado and the ski troops of the famous 10th Mountain Infantry. I hope there will never be another shock as acute as that, when in the dark of night the telegram from the War Department brought word that Herod had been seriously wounded. All the glamour of war faded and deep despair settled upon the anxious household. The weeks passed slowly but finally brought assurance of recovery and return to this country. The first citation of the division gives the lasting proof of the extreme bravery displayed and sights the heroic achievement that justified the Bronze Star and Purple Heart.

In June, 1944 Will claimed his lovely bride and love must have been in the air for on August 21st Dorothy and Rider were united in marriage. Catherine and Wallis Winall were gracious hosts at a beautifully appointed wedding breakfast. Sally was able to get a leave and added a military touch with her trim uniform of a Lieutenant of the Medical Corps.

In spite of anxious times with Sally, Will and Herod scattered about the world and the exhausting war work of the Ration Board, the new life with a loving, thoughtful, loyal wife brought happiness and the promise of a bright future.

There was much to be done to bring the old house back to its former condition and the acre of lawn called for a major reclamation project. Dorothy pitched in with a vengeance and soon "the jungle" was brought under the mower. Work schedules were established and John was assigned the care of the stoker and the dirty job of carrying many baskets of clinkers from the basement to the end of the driveway on Walnut Street. With painting and general repairs and even the brick barn removed, the property took on an affluent air.

The prospect of a shrinking family brought the question of selling the old home. The ordeal of clearing the attic and disposing of hundreds of items will never be forgotten. At one trying time in the struggle Dorothy asked "Why did you ever let things accumulate like this?" My answer was "I thought I'd die and beat it." Dorothy performed heroic work just as she had in her constant attention to improving every part of house and grounds. Perhaps one of the hardest moments of my life was that extremely cold blustery March morning when we walked through the silent vacant rooms, locked the side door and drove away, destination unknown.

All this could not have been accomplished without Dorothy's consistent energetic effort. It all seems like a dream of something that happened long, long ago.

This will be brought to a close with a very happy note. Happiness has been showered upon me in many ways; a loving wife, patient and understanding; four wonderful children without a shadow to cause a moments anxiety; Sally happily

married to a wonderful husband; each son with a lovely wonderful wife.

Had it not been for the happy home established by Dorothy either in the heat of a second floor four room apartment on Bluff Street or later at number seven Coventry Court, this story would have a very different ending. Hard times had to be faced with courage and finally the devoted partnership met with success.

All has not been joy and gladness for sickness and death have claimed a toll. Corinne's long illness has been a great worry but the hope for better days and complete recovery is ever present and devoutly wished for.

The first break in the four Wallis boys came with Allen's death February 24, 1957. While fighting bravely for years, the end was hard to accept. We had been very close through childhood, high school and college. In my many trips to hospitals Allen never failed being the first to call or the one to wait outside the operating room. It was very difficult to give him up.

Strange that Harold should follow just eleven months after Allen's death. Strange because they were born just eleven months apart. The news of Harold's death reached us late at night in Monterey, California, January 13, 1958. It was impossible to go to New York in time for the funeral service and telegrams and telephone messages had to serve to convey deep sympathy to Sara, Mary Burton, and John.

The hand of death reached out again and Burton was relieved of his terrible suffering. I have written of his death earlier in this narrative. It occurred November 27, 1958 and he was buried in Linwood on his seventy-sixth birthday November 29th.

I want my children to always think of their three uncles in the highest terms. They were part of a fine noble background stemming from a sainted mother and splendid father.

So this is the end of the story. My children asked for it and I have had great satisfaction in writing down the facts as I know them.

This is the time and place to record that this would not have been possible without the aid of my long time co-worker, Marjorie Ferguson, and the generous efficient help of the fine staff of the Federal Discount Corporation.

For very limited distribution there will be some personal items to follow; otherwise I say as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless Us, Every one."

- FINI -

We accept our times calmly and plainly, forgetting that our grandfathers saw them as the glorious future.

THE BRONZE STAR--FOR VALOR

Presented by Major General George Hays



HEADQUARTERS 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION

APO NO. 345 U. S. Army

9 March 1945

Citation:

JOSEPH H. WALLIS, 37672000, Private First Class, Medical Department, United States Army. For heroic achievement in action on 21 February 1945, near Cappa di Ronchidos, Italy. When allied troops passing through an infantry platoon's area were subjected to an intense enemy barrage severely wounding one man, Private First Class WALLIS crawled from his fox hole and dragged the wounded man to safety where he administered first aid and treatment for shock. A short time thereafter a grenade burst in a nearby fox hole wounding two more soldiers. Again Private First Class WALLIS braved deadly enemy fire and reaching these men offered them first aid and care. While engaged in his humanitarian duties, flying fragments from an air burst so seriously wounded him that he had to be evacuated.* His extreme bravery while under heavy enemy fire and his unwavering attention to the wounded are acts worthy of commendation and are representative of the highest traditions of the United States Army. Entered the military service from Dubuque, Iowa.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE HAYS:

HAROLD F. MILLER

Major, AGD

Asst. Adjutant General

Purple Heart Awarded Feb. 1945.

*"There were six people hit by that air burst, four went instantly, one bled to death, and one lived. Incidentally, I'm the one that lived." (Letter written on return to U. S. A., May 26, 1945.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

(I think this should be recorded)

We knew Herod's Tenth Mountain Infantry had been shipped out but during January and February, 1945 we had no word and had little idea of their destination. After many months training in the high Rockies and in Texas it was likely the outfit would be used in rugged mountain country.

On the night of February 21st I experienced a terrifying dream or vision - seeing Herod crawling among shell holes and crushed to the ground by the burst of a shell. With a moan and startled cry I sat straight up in bed. Dorothy was roused from a sound sleep and called to me to ask what had caused my outcry. My answer was that Herod had been hit. It was all very clear and vivid and very disturbing.

There were anxious days following this experience and then the word came. It was late at night - an alarming ring at the side door - the long trip from the front bedroom down the stairs through the hall to receive the tragic message in the little yellow envelope. Dorothy was at my side and the light was turned on in the library to read "the Secretary of War deeply regrets to advise."

It had happened on February 21st, 1945 in the mountains of Italy. I saw it all in my nightmare vision on the night of February 21st.

Strange and Wonderful and True

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